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No. 334.

⇒ OLIVET; ⇐

OR, A RARE

Teutonic Specimen.

(FARCE.)

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,
DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE
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↔ OLIVET; ↔

—OR—

A Rare Teutonic Specimen.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

—BY—

J. E. Crary,

Author of "The Old Wives' Inn," "Jake Shloff's Mistake," "Alma, or United at Last," "Strategy," "The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge," "A Noble Atonement."

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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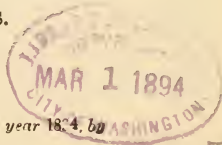
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2 OLIVET; OR, A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*As played by Hillsboro Dramatic Club, at Hillsboro
Opera House, Sept. 22, 1893.*

GUS MONSON (*A Rare Teutonic Specimen*).....J. E. Crary.
AUGUST MONSON, (*a bashful batchelor*).....C. H. Dunn.
MAXMILLIAN DUNCAN, (*who loves Olivet*).....D. De Forrest.
MADAM DEAR, (*Prop. of Seminary for girls*).....Hattie Myers.
OLIVET, (*young and romantic*).....Edna Churchill.

—X—

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—25 MINUTES.

—X—

PROPERTIES.

Book of engravings, eucher deck, Monson's card.

—X—

COSTUMES.

GUS MONSON.—A burlesque dutch part, comic costume.

AUGUST MONSON.—Old man with marked English brogue. Low cut calico vest, old man collar, light coat, checked pants and gaiters.

MAX. DUNCAN.—Romantic. Business suit.

LADIES.—Evening costumes.

—X—

SYNOPSIS.

Curtain rises on a room at Madam Dear's Seminary for girls. Olivet conveys the sad news to her lover Maxmillian, that they must part. Three years previous to this time, a wealthy batchelor saw Olivet singing on the street, he sends her to school, providing she will become his wife at the end of three years. The time has expired and August Monson, the wealthy batchelor, comes for his affianced. By mistake, Gus Monson, the rare Teutonic Specimen, comes into Madam Dear's house and is taken for Monson, the batchelor. It is discovered that he is not the wealthy Mr. Monson, the young people dress him up as Olivet, to fool Monson. Madam schemes to get Monson to propose to her, which he does and forgives all deceptions played on him. Happy ending.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand
C., Center; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance
M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right
of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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OLIVET;

—OR,—

A Rare Teutonic Specimen.

SCENE.—A well furnished sitting room at MADAM DEAR'S Seminary for girls—table and chairs R. C.—sofa up L. At rise of curtain—

Enter, hurriedly, OLIVET and MAX. DUNCAN, D. F., they come down R. and L. C.

Olivet. Alas Maxmillian, our dream of happiness must end. Hold me ere I go cast myself in your briny deep, to be food for hungry fishes. Maxmillian, we must part.

(goes R., turns back to MAX.)

Max. (comes c.) Olivet! my Olivet, what means these strange actions? Why doest thou treat me so cruelly? Olivet, thou knowest that this heart beats alone for thee. When first I saw thy angelic form sporting in the waves at Long Branch, my heart went out to thee. Daily I prayed that destiny would throw me in thy way, and my prayer was answered. One day while strolling on the beach, I heard a cry for help, which came from the waters. I rushed to the rescue, and after a short struggle, I carried thy fainting form in safety to the sands. When consciousness once more came to thee, why did'st thou tell me, that the life I had saved, was ever mine own? Cruel, false hearted girl, have I loved thee in vain? Speak, if it be true, I will leave thy sight forever.

(goes L., turns back)

Olivet. (turns to c.) Maxmillian, my heart is thine, conscience is mine, but my body belongs to a third party.

4 OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN.

Think me false and cruel, if you will, but destiny, which threw me in thy way, now decrees that we must part.

(goes R. turns back)

Max. (*c mes c.*) Come Olivet, a joke is a joke, and I enjoy a good joke, but there is such a thing as getting too much of a good thing. Don't be so deuced earnest in joking. Why, the mere mention of our parting, sends the waves of despondency coursing up and down my spinal column, like amateur bicyclists racing up and down the dusty streets of a country village. Olivet, tell me, 'tis but a joke.

Olivet. (*comes c.*) I would it were a joke, Maxmillian, but 'tis too true. You have never heard the story of my life. Come, let us be seated and I will tell you why we must part.

(they sit R. and L. of table)

Max. But I tell you we must never part. Why, I couldn't possibly stand it, "Don't cher know."

Olivet. Max, when I promised to one day to be your wife, I had forgotten that I was the property of another. Three years ago I earned my living by singing on the streets, depending on the generosity of others for my subsistence. With no friends or relatives to care for me, I made my home wherever night overtook me. One day a policeman informed me that a wealthy old batchelor had offered to send me to school, if at the end of three years I should become his wife, and those three years are up. When Madam Dear wrote to my guardian-angel of our engagement, he was very angry and forbids it. I can not be your wife without his consent.

Max. Then his consent we shall have. (*rises*) Who is my worthy old rival?

Olivet. His name is August Monson.

Max. You shall never be his wife. By the skies above and the earth below, I swear it!

Olivet. What can we do?

Max. We shall see who wins thee, my sweet Olivet, I must away and coll ct my scattered thoughts.

(exit, D. F.)

Enter, MADAM, R. U. E.

Olivet. How will this end?

Madam. (*comes R. of table*) Heed not the end my dear, all will yet be well. I have never seen your kind

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 5

benefactor, but if this letter proves true to it's prophecy, we will see him soon. (*pulls letter from envelope, dropping card*) This is what he writes: "Dear Madam, unlooked for business calls me to your city, and as the three years are up, I will call for my future wife this evening. Tell her to prepare to leave with me on the 9 o'clock train, very truly, August Monson."

Olivet. (*rises, walks stage*) I will not go with him. He is a villain to make a young girl link her life with one old enough to be her father.

Madam. Be calm my dear, wait until he comes. We shall find some way out of this dilemma. Do not give away, for much may happen between now and 9 o'clock this evening. Come with me. (*exeunt, R. E.*)

Aug. (*off D. F.*) Vell dot vos all right, better ven you don't make some foolishness mit me!

Enter, AUGUST MONSON, D. F.

Good after-dinnertimes, ladies unt chentlemons. Oh yah! I forgot to knock me dot door on. (*goes rans on D. F.*) Come in! (*comes down*) Vell, I'm here. Nobody at home? Vell, den I can ketch mine breathe. You see my gal vot vos cilled Katie, vos comed mit dose house in. I vonts to see mine Katie, so I comes mit dose house in. I don't see my Katie. mabe I vos comed mit dere wrong house in. (*sits r. of table*) Vell I takes it easy till Katie comes. Vot's dot? (*picks up card*)

Enter, MADAM, F. U. E.

Madam. Sir!

Aug. (*scared, goes L., concealing card in shoe*) Oh no! you vos mistaken in dere party! I vos somebody else.

Madam. Is the man crazy?

Aug. O! excuse me! (*aside*) Vate till I ketch mine breathe. (*aloud*) Madam, let me to oblain.

Madam. Sir! your business here?

Aug. Don't got oxcited, Madam. (*aside*) Oh! vot I vil say now? (*goes R.*)

Madam. What right had you to uncerimoniously enter my house? This is a Seminary for girls, not a lunatic asylum.

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Aug. (asid) Dunder-un-blixen! I been getting scared.
(*aloud*) Madam, don't got oxcited.

Madam. Your name, sir! What is your name?

Aug. I don't got any. (*aside*) Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe!

Madam. Perhaps you have your card about you.

Aug. Cards! Oh! yah, I got some cards.

(*draws eucher deck from pocket and holds out*

Madam. How dare you insult me in my own house!

Aug. (goes R., frightened—aside) Oh vot I hav' done now! (*aloud*) Don't got oxcited, Madam. (*pulls card from shoe*) Vos dot vot you vants?

Madam. (takes card and reads) "Mr. August Monson, New York City." Can it be possible? Are you August Monson, of New York City?

Aug. Yah, dot's me. August Monson, unt I lives me by Ny York darty-dree years behind time. (*aside*) How 'de difel she knows dot?

Madam. You came sooner than you expected.

Aug. Oh! yah, I comes sooner as I expected. (*aside*) Oh! shimony Christmas! vot a change in dot voman.

Madam. I am glad to see you, Mr. Monson, please be seated.

Aug. (aside) Mabey she vos got struck mit mine shape.

Madam. I did not think to see you so soon, but make yourself at home, Mr. Monson.

Aug. (aside) Oh! vot a picnic. (*aloud*) Yah, I vill makes myself at home. (*sits L. of table*

Madam. I hope, Mr. Monson, that you will not be too severe with the dear girl, for she loves the young man very much, and besides you are so much her senior, that I am sure your union with her would not be as happy as you might wish. I implore you, re-consider the matter and give your consent to their marriage. I love Olivet as I would my own child, for she has been a daughter to me ever since she came here.

(*during this speech AUGUST rises, frightened, moves L.*

Aug. (aside) Danter-unt-blixen, vots dere matter mit dot vomans!

Madam. (rises, comes slowly towards him during speech) Oh! sir, if you have not the heart of a monster, give up your designs on that poor motherless girl and let

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 7

her marry the man she loves. You might compel her to marry you, but it would be an unholy alliance. She would pine and wither away like the last rose of summer. Filled with despair, she might go mad, stark staving mad! Some night when you were sleeping peacefully in your little bed, never dreaming of a danger nigh, she, drove to desperation by torturing confinement, might bury the family hatchet deep, deep in your cruel heart. *(turns, goes L.*

Aug. Shimany Christmas, vate till I ketch mine breathe!

Enter, OLIVET, R. E.

Madam. Olivet, this is Mr. Monson, your benefactor.

Olivet. Oh! my dear sir, if you are Mr. Monson, I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never pay.

Aug. Anoter one? Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe!

During this speech, AUGUST moves to L., followed slowly by OLIVET.

Olivet. Oh! sir, I know your heart is not as hard as you would have us believe. You could not be so cruel as to condem me to a life of torture with you, when my heart belongs to another. Oh! sir, have mercy and give your consent to our marriage. I intreat you, I implore you, remove your objections, give us your consent and your blessing.

Aug. Vate till I ketch mine breathe! *(aside)* Oh! vot I vill say now? *(aloud)* Ladies unt chentlemons, I don't got any objections, I agrees mit every dem ting vot you says!

Madam. } *(each take him by hand)* Then you give

Olivet. } your consent to the marriage?

Aug. Dot's vot I said.

Madam. } Oh! you dear good man!

Olivet. } *(throw arms about his neck)*

Aug. Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe. Break away!

Olivet. You have made me so happy.

Aug. Ish dot so?

Madam. You have made us so happy.

Aug. Ish dot so? *(aside)* Shimony Christmas, vot a change in dose vimins! Vate till I ketch mine breathe!

Madam. May the hinges of our friendship never rust.

Aug. Unt dere bucklets of our spenders never bust.

Madam. } Oh!
Olivet. } *(they turn shyly away)*

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Aug. Vell vots dere matter now?

Olivet. Mr. Monson, my everlasting gratitude is yours and in the language of the poet, "My friendship everlasting at your heart, now gladly knocks.

Aug. I got von vot beats dot all to smash. Ven I keeps you in good saur-kroust, vill you always mend mine sox.

Madam. Such a rare Teutonic specimen.

Olivet. So jolly. *(tickles him under the chin)*

Aug. *(aside)* Ho! vot a bicnic!

Madam. A rose between two thorns.

Aug. Nein! A cabbage between two cauliflowers. *(puts arm about their waists, they lay heads on his shoulders)*
Ho! vot a bicnic.

Enter, MAXMILLIAN, D. F., walks stage very excitedly.

Max. Have I lost my wits?

Aug. Shimony Christmas, vots dot!

MADAM and OLIVET scream, go R. and L., AUGUST, R. front, scared.

Max. Some wits! some wits! My kingdom for some wits!

Aug. I don't got any wits! Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe! *(MADAM and OLIVET rush to MAXMILLIAN, C.)*

Madam. Calm yourself, Maxmillian.

Olivet. What is the matter, Maxmillian?

Max. Matter! matter enough! August Monson is in town, and on the way here.

Madam. } August Monson is here!
Olivet. }

Aug. Yah! I vos here, take her I don't got any objections.

Max. That August Monson? *(points to AUGUST)*

Aug. Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe!

Max. Bless my heart, if it ain't Gus Monson, but not the man we have to fear.

Aug. Vell dunter unt blixen, Max. Duncan, how you vas? *(they shake hands R. C., MADAM and OLIVET go L.)*

Max. Gus, you are just the boy I want to see.

Olivet. Is that not August Monson, of New York City?

Max. Yes, but not my worthy rival. I don't see how you made the mistake; hav'nt time for explanations. We

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 9

must proceed with the next act. Gus, I want you to help us.

Aug. You ust bet ure I vill helups you all vot I can.

Max. Listen. Another August Monson is on the way here to take Olivet away with him. We must prevent it.

Aug. You vants me to kick him out, ain't it?

Max. No! when he comes, you must play you are Olivet.

Aug. Vot! Me play vomans! Oh! no, no, no, no! Vimin's don't vear pants.

Max. We will fix that. When he comes, Madam Dear will introduce you as Olivet. You must play your part well. He will soon be here, we must hurry. (*exit, R.*)

Aug. Oh! vant I make a shweet vomans!

Enter, MAXMILLIAN, R. E., with dress, blond wig, puffs, powders, etc.

Max. Pull your coat, Gus. Olivet, you powder, while I dress him.

Aug. Shimony Christmas, vot a bicnic!

Business of dressing him. This business can be arried on with such speeches as may be suggested to the players by the business. The transformation of AUGUST into OLIVET, may be made with such sty'e of dress as may suit players. When nearly made up, bell rings off D. F.

Max. Great Heavens! here he comes. Madam do not show him up until we have finished. (*exit, MADAM, D. F.*) Now put on the finishing touches and let's be off.

Aug. Say, vill he got struck mit mine shape?

Max. No doubt of it.

Aug. Oh! chimcnv Christmas, vot a bicnic!

Max. (*strikes attitude*) There! Ne'er saw I a fairer d msel, form devine.

Aug. You think he vill vant to married me on dere spot?

Max. I hope so. We will now retire to the next room and let Mr. Monson, prepare to meet his future wife.

(*exit, all three, L. U. E.*)

10 OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN.

Enter, MADAM and MONSON, D. F.

Madam. Make yourself at home, Mr. Monson, and I will inform my charge of your presence. Prepare yourself for a great surprise, for she is very bashful.

(exit, L. U. E.)

Monson. (C.) For three long years hi 'ave looked forward to this hocation. When hi should meet my 'earts hidle, when hi should gaze upon the bloomin' form of the one who his to be my companion for the rest of my natural life. How my hold 'eart pit-a-pats at the hanticipation of the event.

Enter, AUGUST, L. U. E., backs slowly and shyly up to MONSON.

Marry that bloomin' Duncan, when hi 'ave wa'ted three years to marry her myself? The himpudent Yankee sucker! Hi can see er hin me minds hye now. A form like Venus, and a face like—

Aug. Te-he-he-he-he!

Mon. The devil!

Aug. Nein! you vos mistookten in dere party. I don't vos any of your relations.

Mon. His this a bloomin' lunatic asylum!

Aug. I vos your Olivet! Vy don't you kiss me, you olt succor? Vy don't you got smashed mit mine shape? Vos you goin' back on me now, ven you makes me gif up dere man vot I loves? You better locks a little out you olt skinflint, ober I halfs you pulled for breetches of bromise. Spoke mit a quickness, marry me on dere spot or I vill skallops you mit a cheese knife unt drinks your hearts blood lik' she vos lager beer. Spoke!

Mon. Th-th-th-the devil!

Aug. Nein! I toles you I vos none of your relations. *(tragically)* Hah! Hamlet, I vos dy fadder's viskers. *(MONSON retreats slowly around stage, scared, followed by AUGUST)* You vos false by dere vows vot you made by me. Avay! avay! before I kasmash you mit a glance fun mine eye! I have you in dere apples of mine eye, you cannot oxcape me, I vill followed you to dere ends of dere eart', unt stabs you in dere liver pad mit a balogne sissage. Lay on Macbeth unt shlock em on dere cope mit a brick stine,

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 11

dere fairest feller vot says, let er go Galigher ketch er by dere switch. Whoop!

Enter, MADAM, L. U. E., goes L.

Madam. My dear, calm yourself. This is no way to act towards a gentleman of Mr. Monson's standing.

Aug. So-o! Vell you ust better hold me ober I got his head. You olt balt headed dudelets.

Mon. Send the bloomin' creature out of the room.

Aug. Vot's dot? You olt duffer.

AUGUST makes a dive for MONSON, who gets behind MADAM.

Madam. My dear, leave the room. I wish to have a talk with the gentleman.

Aug. (aside) Oh! vate till I ketch mine breathe! Vell, ust like you say, Madam, not like I care.

(exit, D. F.)

Mon. Hi breathe again. Madam Dear, you spoke of your charge being hinged to a Mr. Duncan?

Madam. Yes sir!

Mon. An' his that (*points to D. F.*) your charge?

Madam. At present.

Mon. Then tell the bloomin' sucker to take her.

Madam. Sir! you are very kind. I am surprised that so nice a man as you should remain single so long. (*they come down C. during this speech*) I am sure most any woman would be proud to become Mrs. August Monson.

Mon. The deuce you say. (*aside*) Hi believe the old gal is trying to flatter me, an' hif hi 'ad the cheek, hi'd propose to her on the spot, don't cher know. (*aloud*) Hi am sure others would 'ardly think it, Madam.

Madam. (aside) This is my chance. (*aloud*) Mr. Monson, let us be seated. The mind works more smoothly when the body is at rest.

MADAM takes chair which is R. of table and places it to the L. of the table—MADAM takes book and they sit.

Mon. (aside) How my old 'eart pit-a-pats.

Madam. Mr. Monson, (*moves chair towards him*) have you ever experienced the feeling, that some great oppor-

12 OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN.

tunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, the—the courage, as it were, to avail yourself of it? *(slides chair*

Mon. Why—er—yes, Madam Dear, hi 'ave often 'ad a kind of a feeling, as if hi 'ad been, sorter been sent for and couldn't come, don't cher know.

Enter, AUGUST, D. F.

Madam. *(sighs, moves closer)* Poor man.

Aug. Vop, vop, vop, don't got so close, you olt sardine. Remember dose breeches of bromise.

MONSON springs up, sliding chair to L., gets behind MADAM—business.

Mon. Hi'm a goner!

Madam. Leave the room this instant.

Mon. *(shakes fist from behind MADAM)* You hill mannered vixen.

Aug. Vot's dot? *(business)*

Mon. Save me Madam! Save me!

Madam. Leave the room.

Aug. Vell, I don't got any objections. Tra-la-lu.

(exit, D. F.)

Mon. Hi breathe again.

Madam. Commence right where we left off, Mr. Monson. *(they sit (moves chair up)*

Mon. Yes—h-hov course—hi—

Madam. As you were about to say, there are times when it seems, to all of us, that we must speak what is in our hear—a in our minds. *(moves chair*

Mon. Yes—yes of course hi—*(aside)* My hold 'eart.

Madam. *(aside)* Poor man. *(aloud)* While I am not sure that I ought to listen to you, Mr. Monson, *(moves chair)* when you speak to me in this personal manner, yet—
(moves chair up)

Enter, AUGUST, D. F.

I am sure that—

Aug. Hamlit, I am di fadders bologne sassage!

Mon. Br-r-r-r. *(they spring up, MONSON slides chair*

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 13

to L., gets behind MADAM—*business*) Save me, Madam! save me!

Aug. Better ven you don't got so close here.

Mon. You hinsulting Jazebe!

Aug. Vot's dot? (*rushes at MONSON*)

Mon. Save me, Madam! (*business*)

Madam. Leave the room, that's a good dear. I wish to talk with Mr. Monson.

Aug. Vell, I don't got any objections. Tra-la-lu, you olt duffer. (*exit, D. F.*)

Mon. Hi breathe again.

Madam. Sit right down again, Mr. Monson, and commence right where we left off. (*they sit*)

Mon. That bloomin' thing is dangerous, Madam. Why don't you cage it?

Madam. It is not dangerous, just a little eccentrical. A very Rare Teutonic Specimen.

Mon. Heccecdingly rare, Madam. Hi might say beastyly rare. Hexcentral lin leed, Madam. She is clear off 'er base, Madam, clear off 'er base.

Madam. She will bother us no more. By the way, I have just received a new book of engravings, I am sure you would like to see. (*rises, brings book from table*) It is a large book and you will have to move your chair closer. Why certainly, we can sit on the sofa. I never thought of that—come!

They put chairs back and sit on sofa—lushful business.

Mon. (*aside*) Oh! my hold 'art!

Madam. Now, isn't this engraving of the courtship of Florence Domby and Walter Gay just lovely?

Mon. Which is the bloomin' Gay, Madam?

Madam. There, look closer, don't you see him?

Mon. Is he courtin'?

Madam. You'll have to come closer, Mr. Monson. (*she moves up*) Why, Mr. Monson, you have your arm about my waist. (*he springs up*)

Mon. Hi was'n't aware of the fact, Madam.

Madam. Oh! never mind, sit down. Perhaps I just imagined it. (*MONSON sits*)

Mon. Him so bloomin' bashful.

Madam. I declare, I am almost afraid to let you come

14 OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN.

any nearer. (*moves up*) You look just like Walter in the picture. Your arm—(*he starts to spring up, she holds him*) Sit down, Mr. Monson, don't get excited.

Mon. (*aside*) Hi feel my courage rise. I'm so bloomin' bashful.

Slowly and bashfully places arm about her waist, she moves closer at same time, puts arms about his neck and head on his shoulder.

Enter, AUGUST, D. F.

Madam. This is so sudden!

Aug. Dot's vot I think. Break away! (*business*)

Mon. Save me, Madam! save me! (*business*)

Madam. Leave this room, Olivet.

Mon. Call a policeman—

Aug. Vot's dot? (*business*)

Mon. Save me Madam!

Madam. Leave the room this instant!

Aug. Vell, I don't got any objections. Ot yah!

Madam. Sit down, Mr. Monson. (*exit, AUGUST, D. F.*) Commence right where we left off. (*they sit*) You had just asked me to be your wife, had you not?

Mon. Well—ah—yes. (*aside*) I'm so bloomin' bashful, don't cher know.

Madam. (*lays head on his shoulder, he places arm about her waist*) August, you bold, bold man. How on earth did you ever pluck up courage to ask me to be your wife. You know I never gave you a particle of encouragement.

Mon. When I make up my mind to do anything, Madam, no power on earth can stop me.

Enter, OLIVET and MAXMILLIAN, R. U. E.

Olivet. } What means this? (*they spring up*
Max. }

Madam. It means, my dears, that Mr. Monson has asked me to be his wife, and gives his consent to your marriage.

Mon. That your charge? That Olivet?

Olivet. I am Olivet, and I hope you will forgive our little deception and give us your blessing.

Mon. Oh! hell!

Madam. My dear, you swore.

OLIVET, OR A RARE TEUTONIC SPECIMEN. 15

Mon. I'm a sucker an' I'll swear again. Madam Dear you promised to be my wife, an' blast my bloomin' picture, if I don't swear to keep you to your promise. Young people, except my blessing. But tell me, what's that bloomin' thing in petticoats here.

Enter, AUGUST. D. F.

Max. 'Tis a joke.

Aug. Yah! I vos a joke.

Mon. Save me, Madam. *(business)*

Aug. Oh! don't get excited, I ust want to say you vos purty much fooled. *(pulls off wig)* Hos-do-ker-ze-zane. *(MONSON stares)* Now you see her. *(puts on wig)* Now you don't see her. *(pulls wig off)*. I vos a joke, ain't it? Ho! ho, ho, ho!

Mon. A light dawns upon me.

*They come down, OLIVET and MAXMILLIAN R., AUGUST C.,
MADAM and MONSON L. E.*

Aug. A cabbage between two coliflowers, one on each side. If dey ain't one, dey soon vill be, for if he don't marry her on der spot, I vill sue him for breeches of bromise.

Mon. Hi forgive you all, an' Madam Dear, I am ready to receive my wife any time.

Madam. Now children, all is well that ends well. We are happy and thanks be to Gus Monson, "The Rare Teutonic Specimen."

CURTAIN.

THE END.

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ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks. The Judge gets drunk. Mike tells some news. The boys "lay" for the school teacher. The school teacher arrives. A female. The Judge makes a speech. Joe drops in and cuts them all out. Matilda and the Judge. Mike gets mad. The Capt. of the Black Hawks again. Little Goldie at her pranks—has trouble with Godfrey. Joe interferes. The Col. and Maj. get in their work. Judge tries to escape from Matilda. Mike helps him out. The recognition. The story. I will be there. The quarrel. "Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith. Matilda tells a little gossip and departs. Joe calls and tells Edith of his love. The Judge hears him refused. Joe departs. The Judge tries his hand. Matilda unexpectedly returns. The Judge in a fix. Little Goldie again. A new baby. Godfrey calls on Edith. The promise. "So will I." The Col. and Maj. Mike happens along. The Judge takes a hand. Little Goldie looking for Joe. Handsome Harry. "I'll play this alone if I die for it." Near the Black Hawk's retreat. The Black Hawks. Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival. Edith arrives. "Never." "Then go where you belong." Handsome Harry to the rescue. "Defend yourself." Harry is overpowered. The fate of a traitor. Goldie to the rescue. The terrible fall of Godfrey.

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